

ARKADIUSZ DANOVSKI

★ ICONS ★ FROM ★ THE ★ THRESHOLD ★



„If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would
appear to man as it is — infinite.”

(William Blake, „The Marriage of Heaven and Hell”)



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A selection of visionary and hidden works.

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My name is Arkadiusz Danowski, and I create under the name Caramadeha.

My artistic practice focuses on symbolic and ritual painting, understood not as a form of aesthetic expression alone, but as a channel of spiritual transmission.

I perceive the image as a site of presence – a meeting point between the visible and the invisible.

In my work, I draw from Tantric, Hermetic, alchemical, and mystical traditions, weaving them into the language of contemporary painting and a personal inner mythology.

My paintings do not depict reality – they summon structures hidden beneath its surface: archetypes, energies, patterns, forces.

Each work is treated as a portal – a threshold through which form, symbol, and gesture perform a transformative function.

At the center of my practice is a deep belief that art can serve as ritual – not only as an object of contemplation, but as a space of active presence, inner transformation, and at times even initiation.

My works emerge intuitively – without a fixed plan – in a state of focused receptivity.

They appear like visions: as figures, signs, beings, and symbolic systems that demand manifestation.

These are forms born from the liminal space between dream and waking, between the sacred and the shadow.

Recurring motifs in my work include the icon, the body, the mask, the wound, the eye, the serpent, the comet – universal and personal forms alike.

My images are not narratives, but symbols – not meant to explain, but to activate presence.

My paintings are part of an ongoing cycle of personal mythology – a developing codex of ritual icons and visions that I have been unfolding consistently for several years.

Arkadiusz Danowski



NIGREDO

oil on canvas, 50x70, 2025



A Commentary on the Hidden Nature of NIGREDO painting

From "Iconostasis of the Uncons'cious"

In this sensual and simultaneously terror-stricken vision, the artist opens a gate to a valley not of this world — a valley that belongs not to geography, but to states of the soul. It is an inner landscape, a psychic threshold between worlds:

a liminal terrain whose lines stretch between initiation and annihilation, between symbolic death and alchemical birth.

At the apex of the composition appears a monumental figure — a female demon with crimson skin, horns, and a halo in the shape of an inverted crescent moon. She seems to emerge from a black, rocky structure, like an embodiment of the tower of souls itself. Surrounded by frozen faces, stiff as masks of lost aspects of the psyche, she becomes an icon of integrated shadow.

The inverted crescent encircling her head is not a mark of sanctity, but of sacred tension — a paradoxical fusion of good and evil, light and darkness, the exalted and the rejected. The horns do not signify devilry, but primal force: animal, independent, beyond moral classification. This is not Lucifer, but Sophia Nigra — the Dark Wisdom hidden in stone. The tower-body from which she rises is studded with faces of imprisoned selves, as if each one were a stage in an unfinished transformation.

At the side of this stone cathedral emerges the massive head of a bird — a hybrid being whose human gaze pierces the interdimensional space. In its beak rests a black egg — a spherical, dense symbol of nigredo, the first and darkest stage of the alchemical opus.

This egg is the core of the image: a sealed universe of dormant transformation, a nest of darkness from which liberated consciousness may be born. Held in the open beak of the guardian, it becomes an object of initiatory gravitation — the point toward which everything in the painting seems to be drawn.

Below — not on the earth but in the air — floats a third figure: a meditating silhouette in the lotus position, detached from the ground, suspended between worlds. This is the adept, the pilgrim, perhaps even Caramadeha as visionary — one who has forsaken the body and been called by the black egg into the depths. He hovers along the axis of the composition like a string stretched between the unconscious and the birth of gnosis.

The red path winding through the valley is no ordinary road — it is the artery of a dream, a symbol of sacrifice, memory, and spiritual fermentation. Its bloody hue evokes the path of Kali, the goddess of transformation and destruction, but also the Tibetan route of souls through the bardo states, where everything depends on whether the viewer sees the truth or succumbs to illusion.

This road leads to the guardian of the black egg — not in a straight line, but in a rhythmic, spiral, organic movement. It crosses the wasteland, meanders, disappears, and reappears. It is not mapped by geography, but by a consciousness ready for transmutation.

At the edge of this path stand two figures, turned away from the center of the image. They turn not only from the meditating figure flying toward the egg, but from the entire process of transformation taking place there. They are like sentinels of a forsaken world — those who remained behind, never entering the valley, never undergoing initiation

Their presence near the faint fire suggests a lingering in the warmth of known forms, perhaps within the circle of a ritual that never transcends itself. Their stance contrasts sharply with that of the third figure — lifted by an inner calling, moving toward what is unknown, dark, yet true.

On the left side of the composition stands a tree with empty, watchful eyes — a vigilant being, non-intervening. It is an Ent, an archon of dream, a witness to processes that can no longer be stopped. From behind its trunk emerges a winged figure — a demonic entity crouched between light and shadow, resembling a fallen angel or nocturnal herald of transformation.

Its presence on this side of the composition balances the dominant figure of the Horned Queen — as if it were her shadow, twin, or messenger, signaling that each stage of transformation carries the risk of encountering the unmastered self.

The ground of this valley is not dead. On the contrary — it pulses with subterranean awareness. At the bottom of the painting, thorny, unsettling forms grow — plants with quasi-animalistic shapes, sensually reacting to the viewer's presence. Scattered among the grass are green crystals. These are not minerals, but crystallizations of awareness — thoughts given structure, ethereal tools for focusing energy. In alchemy, green is the color of the Green Lion, symbol of inner purification, growth, and the resurrection of spirit in flesh. The crystals sprout from the earth as if the world itself were birthing its truths — materializing spiritual forms.

NIGREDO is a landscape of passage that does not end in light. It is the image of a ritual just beginning — a dream becoming flesh. Its center is not the tower nor the figure, but the black egg — a dark pearl around which the entire composition revolves.

What we behold is an icon of nigredo — the beginning of the Great Work, the first act of the spiritual drama.

This is not a space for those who remain by the fire.

It is a valley for those who rise, in meditative silence, toward the death of ego and the birth of the Self.

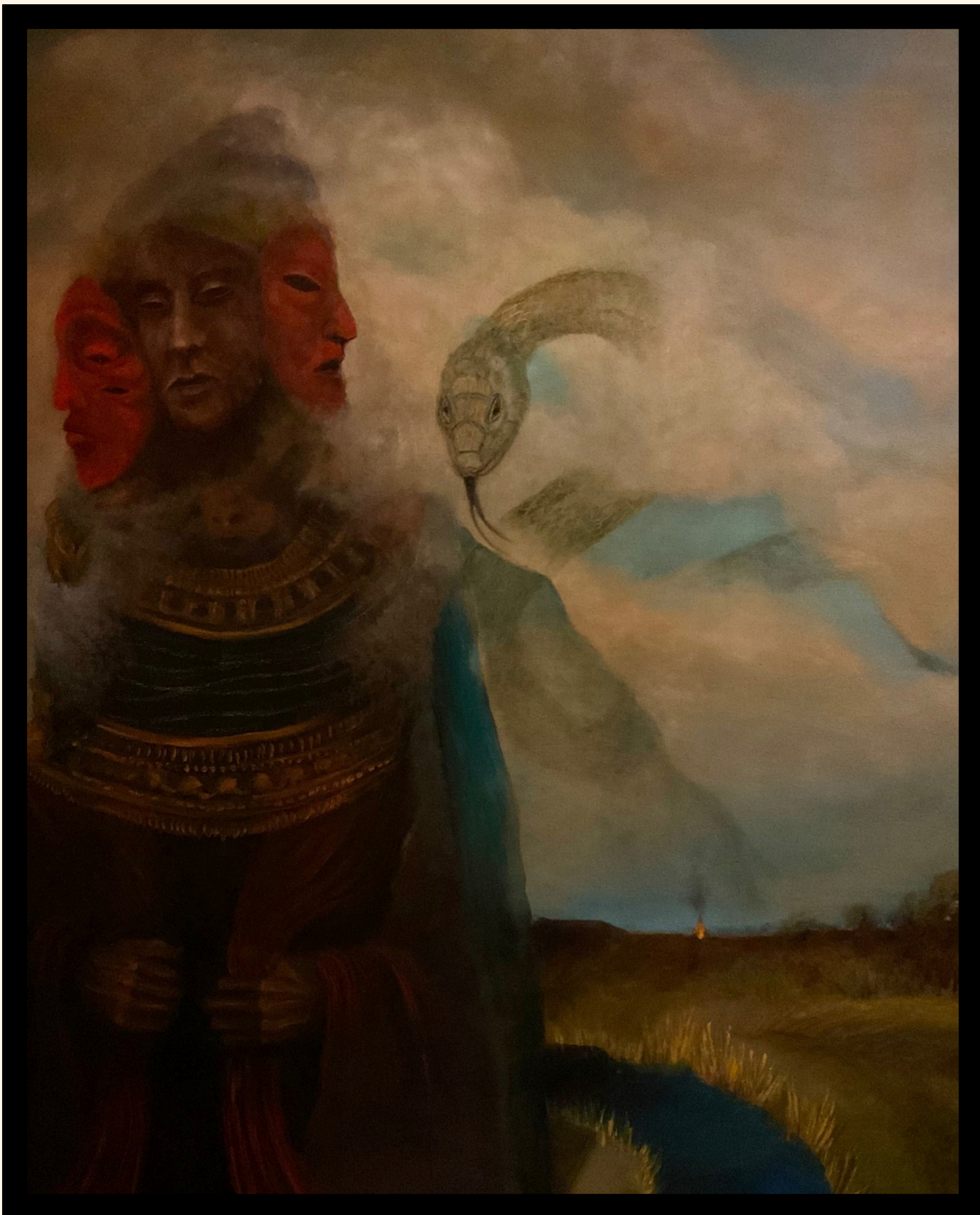
This is not a painting.

It is a threshold. It is a voice.

It is the alchemical night of the soul.

C O S M I C S E R P E N T

oil on canvas, 80x100 cm, 2023



PASSION

oil on canvas , 60x90 cm, 2023



BLACK SUN

mixed technique on canvas, 80x100 cm, 2011



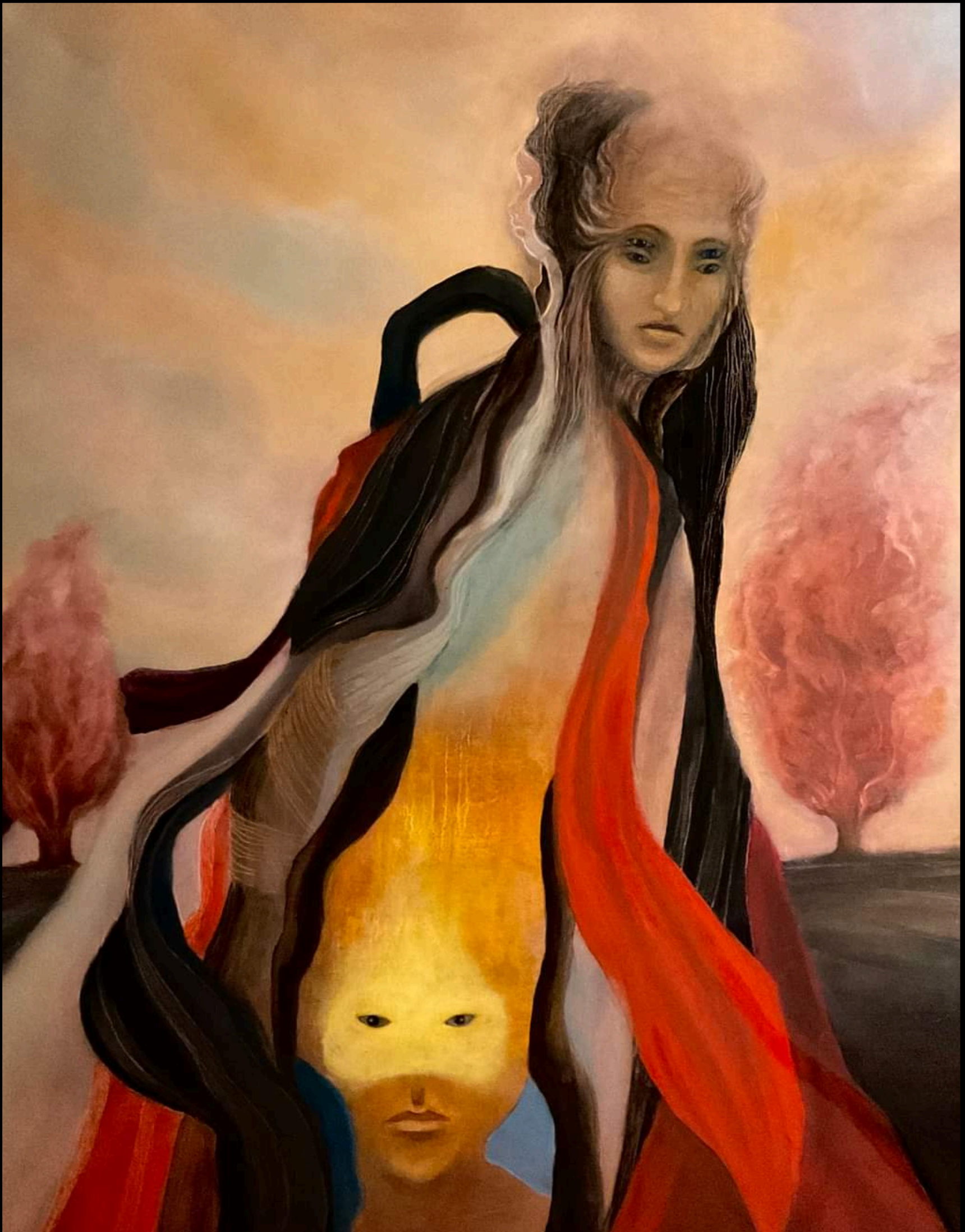
NAMELESS DREAM

oil on canvas, 70x90 cm, 2023



ICON OF THE DAWN PASSAGE

oil on canva, 80x100 cm, 2023



A Commentary on the Esoteric Nature of Icon of the Dawn Passage

From "Iconostasis of the Unconscious"

In this dreamlike, incandescent composition, a figure emerges who is both a Guide and a Gate—through whom the light of a new incarnation slips. The feminine form—with a bifurcated identity, a layered corporeality, and a divided face—radiates both maternal serenity and the unsettling aura of inner fracture. Waves of color, line, matter, and fire pass through her semi-translucent body, as if she were the wind of dawn or a heated prism of the soul. Shadow-faces grow from her head, as though she were the echo of many lives.

In the lower register of the painting, another face appears—a mask with glowing, almost luminous eyes. It resembles a primordial soul, a child of light, hidden beneath the folds of existence. The golden halo is not a crown, but an explosion of awareness, radiating from a source-being imprisoned within the lower strata of being. Surrounded by streams of black, red, and white bands—like spirits of energy channels—this entity seems to await emergence, like a seed of light beneath a shell of darkness.

In the background, glowing trees loom—guardians of transformation—growing from black-blooded soil where time has halted in the morning hour of the soul.

Their leaves burn with the light of metamorphosis, their presence speaking of the deep fire of vegetative life, the fire of existential change.

This painting may be read as an icon of initiatory metamorphosis: on one level evoking a ritual birth, on another—a sacred initiation into the multifaceted nature of the Self. The beings depicted are not one another, but co-beings of the same Mystery. The upper face is a protective awareness, the Primordial Mother of Beings; the lower face—her inner Child of Light, waiting to be recognized, liberated, or perhaps only just awakened. Between them flows a sacred fire—like between a Sufi master and disciple, like between a deity and its emanation.

Within the structure of the Ikonostas, this is a threshold image: a passage between the knowledge of many forms and the encounter with one's own core. It is the figure of the Shadow, leading toward the inner Temple.

The alchemical tree of this composition sends roots into the lower light of the soul and rises toward the golden light of transpersonal awareness—the fire that does not destroy, but awakens.

PSYCHOPOMP

oil on canvas, 100x120, 2025



THE NAMELESS ONE

oil on canvas, 80x100 cm, 2023



Reflections on “The Nameless One”

Against a backdrop of gentle, almost dreamlike landscapes — beneath a sky swathed in a red-gold pulse like the breath of a sleeping cosmos — emerges a figure that eludes all familiar categories. She is neither human, nor divine, nor demonic. She is something older, something primordial. A restless center of power in which the fundamental polarities have not yet been divided: light from darkness, earth from spirit, body from myth. She stands at the threshold of becoming, where identity is not yet solidified, and presence itself is an unfolding mystery.

Her arms extend in a precise yet austere geometry, evoking tantric iconographies, though stripped of ornament and splendor. There is no performance here, no symbolic excess — only gestures that are utterly necessary to her being. The hands are language: “I watch,” “I balance,” “I repel,” “I bless.” She is the embodiment of sacred equilibrium, maintained not through cosmic law, but through the sheer intensity of her presence. She does not make gestures — she is the gesture, as if movement itself had become a conscious being.

Where her gaze falls — between her thighs — there is no trace of seduction, only a silent descent toward the instinctual core. There rests a dark bird, ancient and indecipherable — an eagle, perhaps, or a sphinx, or a forgotten guardian from a proto-myth. It is more than a symbol; it is the structural axis of her mystery. This creature guards the perineum of the world — the generative point where raw power takes on shape. Not domination, but symbiosis takes place here: the body does not conquer spirit, nor does spirit transcend body. They interweave.

The woman’s head burns — not in destruction, but in illumination. It is not fire that consumes, but fire that remembers. She has not been created; she has been revealed, as though carved out of the fabric of a deeper truth.

Her eyes do not merely see; they penetrate, dissolve veils, cut through surfaces. They are not hers alone — they are inhabited. And perhaps, they are inhabited by you, the observer, caught in the act of being seen by what you sought to see.

The longer you look, the more the illusion collapses.

Her gaze does not come from the painting but from beyond it, as if the image itself were only a threshold — a permeable membrane through which she steps into the space of the witness. The experience reverses: you are not watching her; she is watching you. She always has.

Beneath her, the ground trembles, but does not break. Rust-colored trees rise like flares with roots, spaced rhythmically like acupuncture points on the body of the planet. They anchor the image like notes in a sacred score. Behind them, a river shimmers — not with water, but with myth. It is a mirror of ancestral echoes, reflecting not what is above it, but what lies behind time itself.

She is not a goddess, and she is not an idol. She does not ask for reverence. She is a passage incarnate — a dancer between states of being, a translator between force and form. She arrives at the moment when identity disintegrates and the soul stands bare. She has no beginning. She has no end. She is presence at the breaking point of boundaries.

Perhaps she appears when your inner world has been torn apart and you begin to gather the scattered pieces. Or when you stand on the precipice of becoming, not knowing who you are, only that the self you were can no longer hold. In those moments of radical unmaking, she is already there — not as a guide, but as the space in which you might become.

Her name? There is no name that would not diminish her. Every title narrows the space she opens. But if you close your eyes, and feel within yourself that silent rhythm by which the world burns and breathes — then you will know:

That is her trace.

RITUAL

oil on canvas, 80x100 cm, 2024



MATA NEGRA

oil on canvas, 70x100 cm, 2022





Contact & Collaboration

If these paintings resonate with something deep within you — I warmly invite you to reach out.
I am open to exhibition opportunities, curatorial collaborations, publications, and interdisciplinary projects.
Together, we can open new dimensions for these visions to unfold.

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Caramadeha: Paintings as Talismans of Existence

The work of Caramadeha – the artistic name of Arkadiusz Danowski – forms an island of its own within the contemporary landscape of painting. Built from symbols, dreams, archetypes, distorted bodies and worlds that can only be accessed inwardly, this is not painting about something. It is painting that is something: presence, tension, a ritual of inner inscription. Danowski does not seek an external language – he creates his own, shaped by intuition, solitude, and attentiveness. Each painting begins without a sketch, without a defined plan. Some take weeks or months to complete. The oil technique he uses allows him to build deep, layered structures – almost alchemical in surface – living with their own rhythm, never fully controlled. The painting grows, withdraws, demands silence.

At the heart of his practice lies the symbol – not as a code to be deciphered, but as a form of being in itself. Multi-headed figures, black eggs, bodies pierced by light, forms drifting in the void or woven from ritual alignments – these are not illustrations. They are gateways to inner territories, accessible only through immersion.

Caramadeha is not a fictional persona. It is the name of an artistic consciousness that Danowski has developed over decades – beginning in childhood, in the studio of his grandfather, Zdzisław Danowski, a painter himself. It was there he first experienced that a painting could become a vessel of presence.

He spent nearly a decade living in Paris, followed by almost ten years in Asia, mostly in Thailand.

The experience of emigration, solitude, immersion in Eastern cultures, and deep personal spiritual work laid the foundation for what has become his artistic path: painting as a tool for inner recognition – and, at times, integration of the split soul.

Caramadeha's paintings are talismanic – not decorative, but operative. They transmit, confront, and open. Their language draws from astrology, tantra, myth, theogonies, visionary systems and personal ritual, composing a new kind of iconostasis – not religious, but symbolic and spiritual.

This is a profoundly solitary practice – unconcerned with trends or the art market. And yet it draws attention, because it operates on a level modern culture rarely dares to touch: the level of meaning.

Not constructed meaning, but the kind that emerges when form and presence align.

In a world of image overproduction, Caramadeha does not add to the noise – he creates spaces of silence.

In a world of stories, he does not narrate – he leaves traces of presence.

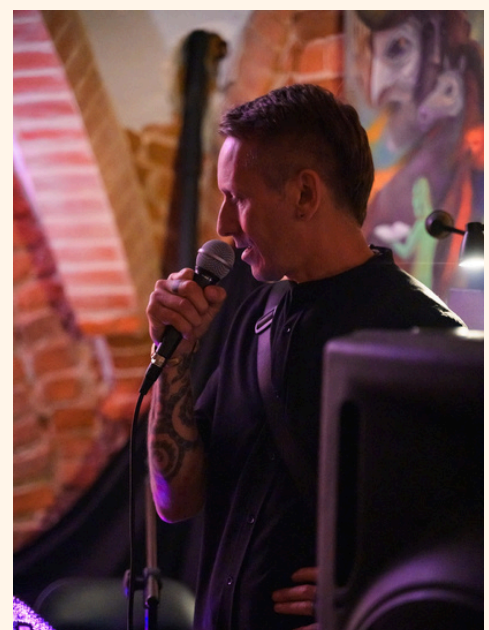
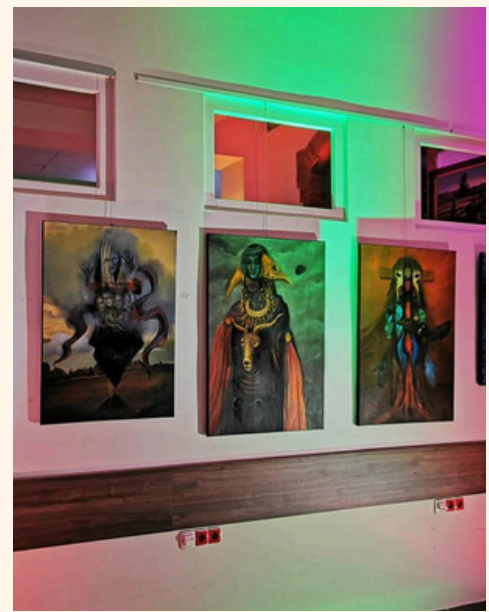
In a world of interpretation, he does not explain what his paintings mean. He asks: can you bear them?

This is not art that seeks attention.

It is art that stands still – like a ritual stone – and waits.

Loseph Malik

Exhibition Views



The images above capture moments from the last three exhibitions.

◆ Zaświaty – Museum of Romanticism, Opinogóra (2023)

A metaphysical journey into the shadow realms, held within a 19th-century neo-Gothic palace.

◆ Danovski / Danowski – joint exhibition with my grandfather Zdzisław Danowski

A transgenerational dialogue between two artistic lineages, united in a symbolic encounter beyond time.

◆ Sabat Mater – Castle Museum, Ostróda (2024)

A mystical invocation of the feminine sacred, set within the stone walls of a former Teutonic stronghold.

Each space became a sanctuary — a threshold — where the images could breathe, resonate, and summon presence.





“An image is a form that remembers the Light.
And every Light — once it is recognized —
longs to become a path again.”
(from the Gospel of Integration)

